

LONG ON SPECTACLES.

J. Pierpont Morgan Took No Chances When Changing Waistcoats.

A story of J. Pierpont Morgan, illustrative of the male of his domestic affairs, reaches me. My correspondent was in a London optician's shop when another customer entered and, striding up to the counter, brusquely inquired: "Can you make me another pair like that?" presenting spectacles of the "goggles" type in tortoise shell rims and gold frames. "Yes," said the optician, "I can." "Send them up to my place as soon as they're ready. You know who I am." were the laconic instructions given as the customer strode out of the shop as quickly as he had entered.

The optician explained that that was Pierpont Morgan. The spectacles were delivered, and my friend, making inquiries in the matter, heard the end of the affair from the optician.

Pierpont Morgan returned to the shop and, speaking more effusively than on the first occasion, said: "Those spectacles were very good—very satisfactory indeed. I shall want some more of them. I'm always missing my specs after a change of clothes. Let me see"—pausing and looking down on his waistcoat as if to interrogate it—"I've eleven waistcoats—yes, eleven. Better make me a dozen pairs."

So a dozen tortoise shell rimmed and gold framed spectacles were supplied to the millionaire, much to the satisfaction of the optician and rimmaker, who between them pocketed 60 guineas.—Manchester Guardian.

MANY USES FOR EGGS.

They Are Valuable in Numerous Ways Apart From Cooking.

We know that eggs are almost indispensable for cooking, but they are just as valuable for other things as well. A mustard plaster made with the white of eggs will not blister the tenderest skin. The fragile white skin that lines the shell of an egg is a fine application for a boil. The white of egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon juice relieves a cough and hoarseness. A teaspoonful every hour is the dose.

If a fish bone lodges in the throat beyond the reach of the fingers a raw egg swallowed (without being beaten) will in most instances carry the bone along. A good remedy for stomach and bowel trouble is a raw egg taken every six hours. The egg should be partly beaten, though not to froth. A little white of egg spread over a scald or burn will prevent the air from getting to it and hastens the healing. For preserving jelly in glasses paper should be cut to fit at the top and smeared with the raw white of eggs, the egg side down.

A little white of egg curdled with a bit of powdered alum will stop a sty if used as soon as the sty appears. Be careful not to get the mixture inside the eye. It will do no injury, but it stings and is unpleasant.—Journal of Agriculture.

A Thing to Be Dreaded.

In the capitol at Washington one day a California congressman got talking about tuna fishing off the coast of California.

The tuna fishermen, he said, go out in small motorboats with a long line baited with flying fish, and to catch anything less than a hundred pound tuna was not considered good sport.

At this juncture he was approached by a colored messenger who had overheard him.

"Sense me, sah," said he, with a large expression in his wondering eyes, "but did yo' say dey went fishin' for hunned poun' fish in a little motab-boat?"

"Oh, yes!" smiled the congressman. "They go out very frequently."

"Golly," exclaimed the messenger, as if picturing the scene, "ain't dey feared dey might ketch one?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Babies and Walking.

"While many mothers are proud of the child that can toddle around the room when ten months old," said a doctor, "they should do everything to keep it from walking at that age. It is too young, and the bones of the leg and back are weak. Bowlegs and in some cases spinal curvature always result to the lifelong regret of the mother. Many mothers take the child that is just beginning to walk and exhibit it to the neighbors and relatives. The occasion is one of rejoicing, but dire results are sure to follow if the child has been permitted to walk too soon."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Didn't Make a Hit.

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—I say, Maude, how did my song, "Home Again From a Foreign Shore," seem to impress the company? Pretty Cousin—Well, some of them, Charley, looked as if they were sorry that you ever came back.—London Telegraph.

A Strong Inducement.

Prospective Buyer—Is it a healthful neighborhood? Salesman—Healthful? Say, if you've got any relatives you expect to inherit money from don't send 'em here.—Judge.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily)—Bring me some lunch, Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir! Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.

MARLOT OF CUPID

Each Supposed the Other to Be Another Until Properly Vouched For.

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

Maizie Shuttleworth was in a flutter of excitement. She held a long, creamy envelope in one hand and a sheet of letter-paper in the other. The latter contained the magic contents: "Cedar Park, April tenth.

"My dear Girl:

"Come and take dinner with me on Tuesday evening, quite informally. I have asked only one other guest; that delightful young fellow I have been so anxious for you to meet—and to have meet you.

"Let me have your answer by return mail, and be sure that you make it yes."

Devotedly,

"Caroline."

There was very little doubt about what she would make her answer, thought Maizie, her heart leaping in her breast. For Miss Maizie Shuttleworth was not without her own secret aspirations, and this prospect of coming in actual contact—really talking to—one of the charmed circle of the "arrived" filled her with a delightful sense of agitation.

David Brierson had long been the young girl's chosen favorite from the Gotham literary lights. He was the man of all others she was anxious to know.

The days that must intervene before Tuesday were the longest Maizie ever spent. She occupied the time chiefly in a whirl of speculation over just how she was going to broach the subject nearest her heart—and considering what was the best to wear. She finally decided upon a dress of simple white lawn and resolved to discard all curls and puffs from her hair.

A young man looked up expectantly as the postman blew a shrill reminder in his ear and laid a batch of letters down on the desk. The first panned in a faint, spidery hand and delightfully redolent of sandalwood, claimed his attention. It was from his very dear friend and counsellor, Mrs. Ashton Arden, and ran as follows:

"Cedar Park, April tenth.

"Dear Boy: "Can't you snatch a leisure hour from your eternal 'business' and run around next Tuesday for informal dinner? I am asking only one other—I'll leave you to find out later who—and shall never forgive you if you fail me. Sincerely,

"Caroline Arden."

Of course he would go! When had he ever refused—or wanted to refuse—one of Mrs. Arden's charming invitations? Accordingly, he drew a paper, ink and pen and scribbled hasty acceptance, seized his hat for a peg and hurried down to the box.

But thinking it over, perhaps an hour or so afterward, when striding up the avenue toward rooms, he suddenly came to a halt and uttered a prolonged wail. Arden had been threatening to introduce him to Patricia Ainsley, blue-stockinged fictionist. She had great results from their method of the situation and woman on him! Well, it was now and he stalked doggedly steps to his apartment.

The meeting came about in a very unceremonious manner. Having arrived in good time, he paired to the hammock on the veranda and was swinging lazily in the glow of the clematis when he made appearance, innocently bent on steadying his nerves with a big cigar before the ordeal.

What Maizie glimpsed—before she had a chance to see her—was a good looking, almost swarthy dark, young man with wide, light-gray eyes and a mouth that seemed always to be ready to smile. He wore a suit of purplish-tan and a broad-brimmed Panama pulled down over his forehead.

"I beg your pardon—"

With a little muffled exclamation and a burning flush, Maizie flung herself upright, her dainty, brown-sued pumps descending upon the porch floor with a click.

"Excuse me, Miss—er—Miss Ainsley, I believe? but I was looking for Mrs. Arden."

Maizie regained her poise with a mirable alacrity. "Out in the garden I think, Mr. Brierson. We scarcely need an introduction. You see, I have heard Caroline speak of you so often that I feel almost as if we're old friends."

"I trust we shall be very good ones," he replied, "as well. I, too, have heard a lot about you from our mutual friend."

Maizie pulled up a chair for him and sat down on the bench opposite. "Only," she took up where she had left off, "my name is Maizie Shuttleworth, you know." She smiled as he gave a little laugh. A nom de plume, he mused.

David Brierson was a very interesting companion. He laughed when she said witty things, looked serious when she talked sense—and listened to her every word with flattering attention.

Brierson? Young Sherrill canvassed his mind for something familiar about the name. It struck him suddenly: David Brierson, author and critic! she had made this mistake somehow, and with a whimsical appreciation of

his position, he resolved to humor it. A writer, herself, it was only natural that she should be attracted by the atmosphere. Thus it was that he secured a private word with his hostess just before dinner and confided his secret to her. For if the truth must be known, Dick Sherrill desired very strongly to remain attractive to his new acquaintance, although he puzzled a little when Caroline Arden laughed and continued to laugh as she agreed to his suggestion, and ran upstairs to speak to Maizie, who, likewise had her own secret to impart.

"He thinks I am Patricia Ainsley," she said breathlessly, "and I don't want you to tell him, Carry. Probably he will cease to take any further interest in me if he finds out I am just a silly little aspirant for fame—and I do so want to keep friendly."

Mrs. Arden cheerfully acquiesced and led her young guest down to the dining-room. They were met at the door by Sherrill, and the older woman surrendered her partner to his arm.

When he asked permission to call upon her, Maizie had replied unhesitatingly: "I have no regular abiding place, Mr. Brierson. I—I am so busy, here, there and everywhere. But we shall meet often here at Caroline's."

The weeks dragged when they did not see each other, and flew when they did. Still, Sherrill kept his lips closed, though every fiber of him was tingling to tell the girl that he loved her. And one day he was very glad that he hadn't. He picked up the morning paper and read in it in faring headlines, the announcement of Patricia Ainsley's approaching marriage to some railroad magnate of Chicago. His blood boiled. In desperation, he paid a visit to his good friend, Mrs. Ashton Arden. He poured out his grief to her and became silently enraged when she laughed in his face.

In the next room was Maizie Shuttleworth. Her eyes were red and swollen from too much emotion of some sort and her lips quivered. She was glad Caroline had company and had left her alone. She wouldn't have had her guess her weakness for a kingdom. On one of Mrs. Arden's silver salvers reposed a richly-gravated card which read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter

Annie

to Mr. David Weston

St. Anthony's Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of August, 1913.

Fifteen o'clock

at the residence of the bridegroom

and

at the residence of the bride

and

at the residence of the bridegroom

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at the residence of the bride

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at the residence of the bridegroom

Medical.

Just in Time

SOME BELLEFONTE PEOPLE TELL IT'S TOO LATE

Don't wait until too late. Be sure to be in time.

Just in time with kidney pills. Means curing the backache, neuralgia, the urinary disorders.

That so often come with kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for purpose.

Here is Bellefonte testimonial.

Mrs. H. L. Taylor, 70 S. Water Street, Pa., says: "We think just in time with Doan's Kidney Pills today some years ago, when we published them. They were from Green's Pharmacy Co. and from backache and kidney trouble several occasions since then we used Doan's Kidney Pills and they have been of the greatest benefit."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 25c. Doan's Kidney Pills, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—no other.

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